a Cash Chambers

VOLUME 1. CINCINNATI, O. FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1852. NUMBER 25.

THE ORGAN
OF THE
TEMPERANCE REFORM,
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,
AT THE
Ben Franklin Steam Printing House,
BY
CALEB CLARK.

TERMS:
Single subscriptions, - - - - $1 50
Clubs of ten and upwards. - - - 1 00
All subscriptions must be accompanied with the cash, and addressed, postage paid, to
CALEB CLARK,
Ben Franklin Printing House,
Cincinnati, O.

Poetry.

From the Canada Temperance Advocate.

Mr. Tipple-None.

Tipple-a-little, Tipple-more,
And Mr. Tipple-none,
Began to talk together once,
Thus did their language run.

Said Tipple-a-little to Tipple-none,
My dearest sir, I think
'Tis wrong to banish from the land,
All but teetotal drink.

Because a little spirit's good,
Whene'er the flesh is weak;
But, then, to drink too much is wrong,
'Tis not for that I speak.

But when one's wet, or when one's dry,
Or when one's cold, or when
One's not exactly one of these,
I like a little then.

That's just the thing quoth Tipple-much,
Rising from where he sat,
And trying to balance as he walk'd,
That's right, I'll stick to that.

But then, to drink too much, why that—
Why that, I should despise;
That's right, that's right, quoth Tipple-more,
Who look'd more drunk than wise.

That's just the talk I like, quoth he,
Come, brother, join our band;
We'll take another glass on that,
And seized him by the hand.

With blood-shot eyes, and ragged clothes,
Come then poor Tipple-all,
To join his brothers at the bar—
And for the liquor call.

Is Tipple-a-little then your friend?
Good Tipple-none replied,—
You see how all these Tipples range
Themselves upon your side.

'Tis right they should, for one by one,
From grade to grade you fall;
Thus Tipple-a-lite comes at last
To be poor Tipple-all.

Yet each applroves your arguments,
All say, don't drink too much;
And every lane in *Drunkendom;*
Is crowded full of such.

So let me caution all of you.
And counsel every one—
To take the only name that's safe;
And that is—TIPPLE-NONE.

Selected Tale.

LA ROSIERE.

FROM CHAMBER'S JOURNAL.

About twelve miles from Paris is situated the pretty vernal hamlet of Maisons Lafitte.—It hangs around the Chateau Lafitte—a princely residence, formerly the property and dwelling of the well-known banker of that name, but for many years past in other hands. In front of the chateau, a broad avenue of greensward strikes straight away through a thick forest, extending many miles across the country; parallel with the front of the building is an avenue still broader, but not so long—LaGrand Allee—wherein the various *fetes* of the hamlet are celebrated, and which, moreover, forms a principal scene in the following narrative.

Before the Revolution of 1792, the name of Gostillon was familiar as a daily proverb to the people of the Maisons. There were three or four branches of the family living in the neighborhood, and well known as industrious and respectable members of the peasant class. When the earthquake comes, however, the cottage is as much imperrilled as the palace; so the events which brought Louis the XVI. and Marie Antoinette to the block, and sent panic into every court in Europe, also broke up and dispersed the humble house of Gostillon. In the awful confusion of the times, some were slain upon barricades; some sent hither and thither with the army, to perish in La Vendee or elsewhere, and some fled to seek safety and peace in foreign lands. Thus it came to pass, that at length there were only three females in Maisons—a widow and her two daughters—bearing the once common name. Mme. Veuve Gostillon managed to obtain a living by cultivating a small garden—the flowers and fruit of which she sold in the markets of Paris—and by plying her needle. Her daughters wer named Julia and Cecilia, and there was the somewhat remarkable difference of eight years between their ages.

Just as Julia had reached her fourteenth year, and little Cecilia her sixth, a terrible misfortune happened to the industrious widow: a stroke of paralysis deprived her of the use of her limbs, and rendered her unable longer to maintain herself and little family by the labor of her hands. A time of severe distress ensued for this remnant of the once numerous and hearty family of the Gostillons; but it was only for a while, Julia—shrewd, spirited, and industrious—worked night and day to perform the labor heretofore the portion of her parent, and to liquidate the extraordinary expenses of the poor widow's sad illness, and the derangement consequent thereupon. Steady assiduity seldom fails of success. It was not long before she had the satisfaction of finding matters proceeding in a somewhat straight forward manner—doctor's bills paid, arrears of rent such as they were, made up, and the little business of flowers, fruit and needle-work proceeding smoothly and satisfactorily. There is much attractiveness in the virtue and good behavior of youth; and Julia, handsome, intelligent, modest, and sweet-tempered, soon became the favorite of all who knew her.

The peasantry of France have, from ancient times, maintained the custom of publicly demonstrating their esteem for any young female member of a community, who, in her progress from childhood to adolescence, or rather womanhood, may have given evidence of the possession of any unusual amount of amiability and cleverness. Young girls who are deemed worthy of public recognition as examples of virtue and industry, are waited upon by the villagers on a fete day, led forth, seated on a throne of flowers crowned with roses, blessed by the *cure*, and presented with the honorable title of *La Rosiere*. The custom is graceful and poetical; and the world hardly presents a more charming spectacle—at once so simple and so touching—as the installation of *rosiere* in some sequestered village of France. The associations connected with it are pure and bright enough for a Golden Age. All who take part in the little ceremony are humble people, living by their labor, the queen of the day is queen by reason of her industry and virtue; they who do her such becoming and encouraging homage, old and young, lead lowly and toilsome lives, and yet have the innate grace thus to evince their reverence for the best qualities of human nature. The pageantry of courts, and pompous crowning of kings and queens grand and splendid as they are, have not such spiritual fragrance as these village queen makings; soft glimmerings and shinings through of the light of a better world—a world with which man, let conventionality disguise him as it may, always has some sympathies.

For three years, the exemplary Julia had continued to support her helpless parent and little sister; when, in accordance with this custom, the good folks of the hamlet determined to show their appreciation of her estimable qualities at the next fete, by crowning her with roses and enthroning her with the usual ceremony in the Grand Allee. In the meantime Victor Colonne, son of the steward of the chateau, happened to pay a visit to the poor widow's cottage; and thereafter he came again, and again, courting Julia Gostillon.

But Victor and Julia were not made for each other. He was thirftless, idle, dissolute—the small *roue* of the neighborhood: she was careful, industrious, virtuous. He was good-looking—of a dark saturnine beauty, inadiously impressive, like the dangerous charms of a tempter; she was radiant and lustrous with the sweet graces of modesty, innocence and intelligence. Julia, however, young and susceptible, was for a time pleased with his attentions.—Persuasive powers of considerable potency, and personal attractions of no mean sort, were not exerted and prostrated at her feet entirely in vain. Ingenuous, trustful and inexperienced, she listened to the charmer with a yielding and delighted ear, and was happy as long as she perceived nothing but sincerity and love. It was but for a time, however. The widow Gostillon liked not her daughter's lover. Of more mature perception, sharper in reading character than her child, she conceived a deep distrust of the airy smile and studied gallantry of Victor Colonne. She took council with matrons old and circumspect as herself; made herself acquainted with Victor's history; watched his looks, listened to his words narrowly and scrutinizingly, and day by day, felt more and more strongly that she liked him not—that there was mischief in his restless eye and soft musical voice. She communicated her fears to Julia, told her the history of her suitor, and bade her to be on her guard; Julia was startled and distressed. These suspicions checked the brightness and little glory of her life, and settled wanly and bazily on her soul, like damp breath on a mirrior. But they served as points of departure for daily thoughts. Looks and words were watched and weighed, and pondered over with wistful studiousness, and while Victor believed his conquest to be achieved, his increasing assurance and gradual abandonment of disguise were alienating him from the object of his pursuit. Julia had accompanied him on different occasions to the chateau; been presented to his father, and had been seen, admired; and kindly spoken to by the Countesse Meurien and her daughters. Victor had lost no opportunity of strengthening his suit by stimulating her ambition and pride; but it was without avail. Though pleased for a time, she soon discovered that he was cold, heartless, and even dissolute. The intimacy between them was fast relapsing into indifference, and, on her side, into dislike, when a certain *denouement* of Master Victor's notorious love-makings, accompained by disgraceful circumstances, determined her to put an end to it, once and for all.

"So you are determined?" exclaimed he, with ill-restrained anger, as she repeated her resolve to him for the fourth or fifth time.

"Yes: I will have nothing more to say to you," replied she firmly,

"Then my father and his reverence the cure may loose all hopes of me!" returned he bitterly. "I have done much ill—I own it; I have won no one's esteem; I have been idle, irregular, profligate. But wherefore? Because I have had no one to care for me. Since my mother died, I have been left to myself, with no kind hand to guide me, no kind tongue to warn me; what wonder that youth should go astray."

"No one to care for you!" exclaimed Julia, not without a tinge of sarcasm. "Do not your father and monsieur the cure do their utmost for you?"

"The one reproves, and the other prays for me," said Victor with a derisive smile; then turning to Julia, with a face in which penitance, respect and affection were well simulated, he exclaimed: "but thou, dear Julia; art thou sovereign of my soul! in whose hands my fate is placed. It is for you to shape my destiny; will you award me love or perdition? At your bidding, no honorable deed shall be two high to mark my obediance."

"Then return to Marie Barden, and redeem the promise you made her," exclaimed Julia, rapidly.

"Nay, sweet Julia, if my priestess bids me turn away from heaven, I am justified in protesting. Hope is the spring whence good and great works flow. Bid me despair you bid me seek ruin."

"Pooh! pooh! exclaimed the young girl with contempt. "I am plain Julia Gostillon, who loves frankness and honor. You have neither one nor the other, and so I love you not; and again and again I repeat it, I will have nothing more to say to you."

Though the persevering Victor continued the colloquy, and exerted himself to the utmost, sparing neither vows nor tears, Julia remained firm. At last, seeing that his case was hopeless, he changed his tone into one of sorrowful resignation—declared that honest frankness was a great virtue, and that it was well that they had discovered that their affection was not reciprocal; and in conclusion, begged the wearied Julia to accompany him that night to the chateau for the last time, for the purpose of explaining to his father, who might otherwise be troubled with suspicions, that their courtship was broken off by mutual consent. After much persuasion, Julia consented, and accordingly paid her last visit to the chateau that same evening.

A few days after this occurrence, the 15th of June arrived, the day of the *fete*. On the preceding evening, unknown to the good Julia, a score of light-hearted girls were weaving garlands of flowers, and preparing the crown of roses, in the house of neighbor Morelle. In that of neighbor Boutemps, another gay party were industriously ornamenting a wooden throne with coverings, hangings, and cushions of brightest-colored flowers; and half the people of the hamlet were thinking of Julia, and preparing bouquets, pincushions, caps, and various little trifles, to present to her on the morrow.

In due course the morrow came. The summer sun had not risen many hours, when troops of bright-eyed girls, lustrous with rosy cheeks, braided-hair, snow-white gowns, and streaming ribbons, went tripping beneath the trees, towards the cottage of the Widow Gostillon. After them came bands of youths and boys, and anon men and matrons, and the elders of the place; till nearly all the little community was gathered round the house. Early as it was, Julia had risen and was at work. She had her own pleasant anticipations of the fete—though she had not heard that a *rosiere* was to be crowned, much less that the honor was in store for herself—and had intended, by commencing some hours earlier than usual, to have done her work so much the sooner, that she might share the pleasure of the festal day. But all thoughts of work were quickly banished by her eager visitors, who, touched even by the fact, that they had found her busy at the time when all were holiday making, embraced her, praised her, bade her prepare for coronation, wept, laughed, chatted, clapped their hands, jumped, danced, and made such a bustle, that Widow Gostillon, in some consternation, cried out from her chamber to know what was the matter. And the poor widdow wept, too, when she discovered what was going on—wept solemnly in thinking over Julia's fidelity to herself, her industry, cleverness, self-denial, sweetness, and, as a proud mother might, of her beauty. And presently the neighbors brought forth the poor invalid in her chair, and placed her on a pleasant spot beneath the trees, whence she might behold the installation. Then Julia retired with those appointed to be her attendants—her tiring-women, the ladies of her court; and when, some time after, she came blushing and trembling, and with happy tears upon her face, wearing her simple holiday dress of white muslin, ornamented in charming style with wreaths of roses, the cries of "*Vive la rosiere!*" might have been heard a long way off.

A little while, and sounds of music and of many voices filled the Grand Allee. The long rows of booths and marquees, dancing rooms, gymnasiums, toy-tables, *bonbon* tables, fruit-stalls, &c., were surrounded by busy crowds; all was activity and cheerfulness. In a large open space in the midst, a short distance from the front of the chateau, the flowery throne, gorgeous in variety and vividness of colors, was set upon a dais on the green sward. The band of celebrants, with Julia and her train in their midst, advanced. Little Cecilia walked by her sister's side, hand in hand, in proud surprise. Before them an aged peasant marched solemnly, bareheaded, save for his silver hair, carrying the crown destined for Julia, and with him, also bareheaded, the cure. A benediction, accompanied by a prayer that the metaphorical ceremony might have some influence in attracting the youthful people present to the practice and pursuit of virtue, having been uttered by the priest, Julia was handed to the throne, and the crown of roses was placed upon her head by the white-haired venteran. A sweet chorus was then chanted—*Vive vive la rosiere!*—in the melodious verses of which the signification of the ceremonial and the praises of the fete-queen were recited.

Thus far matters had proceeded happily, when the attention of the gay party was attracted by the apparition of a commissaire of police, who, marching up with the aspect of a man having some important and disagreeable business to perform, exclaimed:

"*Eh, bien!* we are merry to-day! Accept my best wishes for your enjoyment. Can you tell me, friends, where I am likely to find a fair *demoiselle*—one Julia, daughter of Mme. Gostillon?"

"*Voila*, monsieur!" cried several, much surprised. "Our *rosiere* is she!"

"Ah, what a fate is mine!" muttered the worthy commissaire, much affected, as he looked at the beautiful and rose wreathed Julia.—"If I had ten thousand francs, I would give them to be spared this work, but duty is duty. Courage! all may be well. Friends," continued he, raising his voice, "excuse me if I interrupt you some few minutes. I would not do it were I not bound to. It will be necessary for Mlle. Julia to accompany me to her home. I trust we shall not be absent long." He raised his cap, offered his arm, and Julia, amazed and frightened, descended from the throne, and conducted him to the cottage.

"Pardon, Mademoiselle," said he, when they [illegible] aside; "I am instructed to search this [illegible] on.

The commissaire proceeded, with a hasty hand, as if he wished to get the work quickly over, to ransack drawers and boxes. Whenever one or the other had been searched in vain, he clapped his hands to his breast and muttered:—"God be thanked!" and appeared as if his mind were in some measure relieved of a burden which oppressed it. At length he arrived at Julia's chamber—here as elsewhere, drawers and boxes seemed to present no signs of the object sought for, the thanksgivings of the commissaire were frequent; his cheerfulness appeared to be returning. Presently, however, he proceeded to turn out the contents of Julia's little recticule-basket—first came a pocket-handkerchief, on the corners of which flower had been wrought by Julia's needle. "Very pretty!" remarked the commissaire. Then a number of slips of rare plants, recently collected. "Ah! you are a botanist?" said the commissaire.

"They are from the conservatory of the Compte Meurien, at the chateau; I meant to have planted them to-day," said Julia.

"Who gave them to you?"

"Mme. Lavine, the *femme de chambre*."

"Ah, *diable!* I hope you have nothing else from that chateau!"

"I have nothing else," replied Julia, blushing, and somewhat discomposed, as she remembered Victor.

"What is the matter?—why are you agitated?" demanded the commissaire, regarding her fixedly.

"It is nothing," said poor Julia, much distressed by his stern and scrutinizing look.

"Nothing? I fear it is something! Alas! I begin to lose hope."

"Hope of what?" asked Julia wonderingly.

"Of your innocence!" replied the commissaire sternly.

"Mon dieu! What do you mean?"

"Ah reste tranquille, pauvre demoiselle, nous verrons toute suite." And with a shrug he continued his investigation of the contents of the reticule basket. It contained a great variety of little knick-knacks, which, with much patience, the commissaire turned out and examined, one by one. At length he came to a little parcel, the paper envelope of which appeared to be part of an old letter, and was thickly covered with writing. It was one of Victor's letters. Julia blushed again.

"What have we here?" demanded the constable.

"I forget what there is inside," said Julia, "I hardly knew it was there."

"Let us see."

He opened two or three wrappers—the portion of the letter formed the outside one, the others being blank white paper—and there fell out, descending upon the table with a sharp jingle, a pair of gold bracelets, ornamented with pearls and torquoises, a superb coral necklace, and a diamond ring.

"Madamoiselle!" exclaimed the commissaire, whose face appeared to lose all flexibility of expression the moment the discovery was made, presenting now, merely the stern, impassible, mechanical look of an officer on duty, "these are the identical articles for which I have been searching for the last three days. Will you be good enough to change your dress as quickly as possible, and prepare to accompany me to the office of M. Morelle, magistrate of his district?"

At this juncture, the Widow Gostillon was conveyed back to her cottage by some of her neighbors, with little Cecilia by her side. Entering Julia's chamber, her young friends found her in a swoon, from which the commissaire was assiduously endeavoring to recover her. A scene of a most painful character ensued.—Without afflicting the reader with a recital of the agonized and indignant protestations of Julia—the anger and affright of Widow Gostillon—the sorrow, sympathy and amazement of the villagers—suffice it to say, that the commissaier, in the course of the morning conducted Julia into the presence of the magistrate.

It appears that the articles of bijouterie found in Julia's reticule had been missed from the chamber of Mlle. Antoniette Meurien the very morning after Julia visited Victors' father at the chateau. The young lady had seen them on her toilette early the preceeding evening, and had not worn them for some days, so that she could not have lost them whilst walking or riding. It was evident they had been abstracted. A search was instantly commenced. The domestics were examined, and their rooms and boxes searched, but without either finding the property or fixing suspicion on any one of them. The police were then apprized of the robbery. The servants of the household underwent a second and official examination, but all earnestly declared their innocence. It being ascertained, however, that Julia had visited the house the night on which the property was lost, an order was issued, commanding that her residence be searched, and that she be brought before the athorities. Among the witnesses who proved Julia's visit to the chateau was Victor Colonne. In mingled affliction and indignation, he answered the questions put to him, and declared that she who had lately been the object of his ardent affection was the very soul of honor and purity. A lengthened examination elicited from him that he had conducted Julia to the chamber of Mlle Antoniette, for the purpose of showing her the superb manner in which it was furnished and decorated. She had stepped up to the toilette, he admitted, and had surveyed herself, as was every natural, in the glass, but it was only for a moment; he was close to her all the time, and indeed they hardly remained in the chamber two minutes, they entered, looked round, and retired, and that was all. It was true he did not keep his eyes on his companion all the time, but had she taken anything, he could not have failed seeing the act.

A general impression prevailed among the people at the chateau that Julia was innocent; that it was impossible for one so virtuous and intilligent to commit so disgraceful and rash a theft. Indeed the tide of suspicion had been fast turning against Victor himself, when it received a new direction by the discovery of the missing articles in Julia's reticule. Another examination ensued, the distracted Julia, as has been stated, being herself brought into the presence of the magistrate. In intense affliction, she declared her innocence: that she knew not how the articles had got into her reticule; she had not put them there; did not know they were there; had, indeed, never touched them at all. The portion of the letter in which they had been wrapped was handed to her, and she was questioned concerning it. "It was the part of a letter," she said, "which had been addressed to her by Victor Collone." She remembered receiving it; but by what means it came to be applied to its present purpose, she did not at all know. M. Morelle sternly bade her tell the truth, and conceal nothing; it would be better for her. In great agony, she earnestly reiterated what she had said. It was useless; the evidence against her was too strong to be shaken by merely her own denial. Moreover, the commissaire of the police, in delivering his evidence, laid much emphasis upon the embarrasment and distress she had evinced whilst he was searching the little basket in which the articles were found.

The case was on the point of being decided against her, when, by what may be termed a providental interposition, the tables were suddenly turned, and she was rescued from the jail, from infamy, and perhaps from death! A young girl, one of the domestics at the chateau, having examined the portion of the letter which formed a link in the circumstantial evidence, produced from her pocket another fragment, which exactly fitted to the first, and made the letter complete! With much curiosity, and indeed excitement, all listened eagrly to what she had to say. She stated that the fragment she produced, which formed the remainder of the torn letter rapped round the stolen articles, she had picked up in the garden of the chateau, where it had been dropped by Victor. Julia's reticule had been left on a seat under a tree, the witness saw Victor open it, and take out a letter. He did not know she was at hand; indeed, could not see her. He tore the letter into two pieces; he appeared agitated. One piece of the letter dropped to the ground, he did something with it which she could not perceive, and replaced it in the reticule. When he was gone, she picked up the fragment which had fallen; and seeing it was part of a love-letter, full of warm protests, &c., she put it into her pocket, intending, she said, to joke him about it. A few minutes more, Julia came by, took up her reticule, and went home, declining Victor's company, though he requested permission to escort her.

Hereupon, Victor was immediately arrested. In great fright and embarressment, he confessed having placed the articles in the recticule, in order to be revenged on the noble girl, who had spurned him for his misdeeds. She was immediately discharged, and he was tried convicted, and sentenced to the galley for the remainder of his life.

Julia returned to her home, and long continued the idol of the village, and a patern of piety, virtue and generosity.

SKETCH OF VIENNA.— Mr. Weed, the principal editor of the *Albany Journal*, is a good traveler and letter-writer, as well as editor.—The following sketch of the appearance of the capital of the Austrian Empire will attract, attention.

VIENNA, May 17, 1852.

Our route from Laybach was through Gratz, Schottwein, Gloebnitz, &c., all large and pleasant towns. The railroad is not yet completed over the Sommering mountain, where diligences are stationed to supply the link.—Having crossed this mountain you descend into a broad valley interspersed for forty miles, with fertile fields and beautiful groves of undergrowth pines, which bring you to Vienna. This vast plain resembles, except that it is entirely level, the country between Albany and Schenectady. At Neustadt we passed in sight of Hungary, and within a few rods of its boundary line.

Vienna, one of the capitals of Europe, is a beautiful city—in some respects the most beautiful I have ever seen. Its population is about equal to that of the city of New York.—Its aspects are all decidedly attractive. The streets are generally wide, well paved and remarkably clean, though you don't see how they are kept so. Its "lungs" (as its Parks, Gardens, Prater, &c., are appropriately called,) are more extensive, accessible, and quite as beautiful as those of any city in the world. Those who live in the heart of the city can, by a walk of from five to ten minutes, reach the Glacis, a continuous park, handsomely ornamented with trees and flowers, which entirely surrounds the city. In this park are cafes, restaurants grottos and arbors. Fronting the Glacis are two or three royal palaces and the mansions of the nobility. Without the Glacis are the suburbs, which constitute, however, a large portion of the city.

The Prater, or Hyde Park of Vienna, is a delightful wooded green, over a mile in width and four miles long. It is thronged every afternoon; but on Sundays, and especially on festal days, the display of carriages, including all classes, from that of the Emperor to the humblest citizen, is truly brilliant. The great day for the Prater is Easter Monday. Next to that is May-day, and on this latter occasion we were there, but the weather was unfavorable, and the turn-out was not all that was expected.

Upon the Prater are amusements suited to all classes. There is a circus, museum, music, magicians ball-rooms, fire-works, &c., &c. Soldiers are station here, as indeed they are every where in Vienna, to preserve order. In this respect Vienna is a model city. It is impossible to find 400,000 people moving so actively and yet so tranquilly. The presence of a mighty military force has something to do with all this, of course. Paris glistened with bayonets immediately after the *coup d'etat*, but that city was less thoroughly military in all its aspects than this, where almost every second man you meet is in military costume.—Vienna is literally thronged with Austrian officers, whose snow-white uniforms are very rich. Indeed, I have never seen a more graceful robe than the white broadcloth cloak of the Austrian officers. Just now when the Emperor of Russia is expected, many regiments are marching into the capital, so that Vienna is more than usually martial in all its appearance.

FRANKLIN AS A BOOKSELLER.—The following story, told of Franklin's mode of treating the animal called in those days "lounger," and in these "loafer," is worth putting into practice occasionally, even in this age and generation.

One fine morning, when Franklin was busy preparing his newspaper for the press a lounger stepped into the store and spent an hour or more in looking over the books, &c., and finally taking one in his hand, asked the shop boy his price.

"One dollar," was the answer.

"One dollar," said the lounger, "cant you take less than that?"

"No indeed—one dollar is the price."

Another hour nearly passed, when the lounger said—

"Is Mr. Franklin at home."

"Yes, he is in the printing office."

"I want to see him," says the lounger.

The shop boy immediately informed Mr. Franklin that a gentleman was in the store, waiting to see him. Franklin was soon behind the counter, when the lounger with the book in his hand, addressed him thus:

"Mr. Franklin what is the lowest you can take for this book?"

"One dollar and a quarter," was the ready answer.

"One dollarand a quarter! Why your young man asked me only a dollar."

"True," said Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to take a dollar, than to have been taken out of the office."

The lounger seemed surprised and wishing to end the parley of his own making said—

"Come Mr. Franklin, tell me what is the lowest you can take for it?"

"One dollar and a half."

"A dollar and a half! Why you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes," said Franklin, "and I had better have taken that price then, than a dollar and a half now."

The lounger paid down the price and went about his business—if he had any—and Franklin returned into the printing office.

ADVICE.—He who rejects all advice, is self-conceited and obstinate; he who receives every advice, is imbecile and wavering. Both miss their destined harbor; one steers for a false light, which he mistakes for a beacon; the other is tossed by the gustful winds of the deep, and cannot gain the tranquil harbor.

It is wisdom to pause, deliberate, and take council, when an enterprise is perplexed and doubtful; but it is folly to hesitate when it is clear and unequivocal, urged by duty, and sanctioned by conscience.

Self-sufficiency is usually the concomitant of ignorance, and a man of this character, by his self-sufficiency, takes away from ignorance its modesty, and refuses to listen to the counsels of wisdom. To object a wrong measure which he is pursuing, is an affront to his self-love, and to propose a good measure for his adoption, is an imputation on his understanding.

A man of an enlightened mind, however great his talents and extensive his experience, confident only in his upright intentions, is ever disposed to learn. Divested equally of the pride of self-love, and the obstinacy of ignorance, he thinks it no disparagement to receive information or advice, from whatever quarter it may come; but he weighs and selects in according to his judgment, and he has the merit of rendering it in effect his own.

If a man is hastening to danger, warn him as a friend; and if he disregard your advice, persists and falls into the danger, mark the sequel. Taunt him with the neglect of your counsels, and his irritable feelings may turn in resentment on you; with prudent address turn his thoughts on himself, and his own heart may condemn him, and his painful experience teach him wisdom.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.—Mr. Bones of the firm of Fossil, Bones & Co., was one of those remarkable money-making men, whos uninterrupted success in trade had been the wonder and afforded the material for the gossip of the town for seven years. Being of a familiar turn of mind, he was frequently interrogated on the subject, and invariably gave as the secret of his success, that he minded his own business.

A gentleman met Mr. Bones on the Assanpink bridge. He was gazing intently on the dashing, foaming waters, as they fell over the dam. He was evidently in a brown study.—Our friend ventured to disturb his cogitations.

"Mr. Bones, tell me how to make a thousand dollars."

Mr. Bones continued looking intently at the water. At last he ventured a reply.

"Do you see that dam, my friend?"

"I certainly do."

"Well, here you may learn the secret of making money. That water would waste away and be of no use to anybody, but for the dam; that dam turns it to good account—makes it perform some useful purpose, and then suffers it to pass along. That large paper mill is kept in motion by this simple economy. Many mouths are fed in the manufacture of the article of paper, and intelligence is scattered broadcast over the land on sheets that are daily turned out; and in the different processes through which it passes, money is made. So it is in the living of hundreds of people. They get enough money; it passes through their hands every day; and at the year's end, they are no better off. What's the reason? They want a dam; their expenditures are increasing, and no practical good is attained. They want them dammed up, so that nothing will pass through their hands without bringing something back—without accomplishing some useful purpose.—Dam up your expenses, and you'll soon have enough occasionally to spare a little just like that dam. Look at it, my friend.—*Trenton True American.*

SOME 40,000 or 50,000 dozens of eggs have been shipped at Milwaukie, for N. York, this season.